

ÆSOP

Return'd from

TUNBRIDGE:

O R,

ÆSOP out of his Wits.

In a Few

Select Fables,

In VERSE.

Not by a person of quality.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. F. in Bedlam.

1698.

ESTOP

from London

TUNBRIDGE

R.

WAS one of his Wives

in 1700

Selected Tables

in 1700

from the original

1700

from the original

THE PREFACE.

ÆSOP, it seems, has been a little disturb'd of late, and it has been argu'd Pro & Con, amongst the Virtuosi, whether his Indisposition was the effect of Tunbridge Waters, or Company. He himself has absolv'd the Waters, and condemn'd the Company, which has oblig'd 'em in their own Justification to send him to Bedlam to have his own

The PREFACE.

*Brains set right, for endeavouring to
rectifie theirs.*

Since his Retirement two more have started up from Bath and White-Hall, that, like the two Demetrius's in Muscovy, need only be seen to discover the Imposture. But to avoid the Fate of their Predecessor of Tunbridge, they have taken Measures very different from his, and to save Dr. Ty——n the trouble of Purging their Brains, have agreed to carry none about em.

Upon these comes yet another; whether with better Title than the former, is a question, Reader, we leave thee to decide. Only I shall take the liberty to give thee some Hints,
for

The PREFACE.

for the better Information of thy Judgment. First then as to his Person, it has resemblance enough to old Æsop's (or the Picture of him, at least, at Planudes, and others, have drawn it) that had he left any Legitimate Issue behind him, Ours might very well plead his Figure in evidence of his Descent from the old Beau of Samos; and the Posture and Condition of their Intellects, make out the Relation betwixt him and the Bully of Tunbridge. For this confesses himself out of his Wits when he writ, and t'other, by universal Consent, mad to Write what he writ.

But let me whisper one thing in thy Ear, upon condition of secrecy, if thou wilt give me thy Word and Honour

THE PREFACE.

Honour not to disclose it to any Body; I'll assure thee they were both Mad, and so much the fitter for the Task they have undertaken. For who the De---l but a Madman would venture to write Truth at this time of Day? To deal frankly, the Old Fellow before 'em was much such another sort of Spark. He either had, or thought he had Wit, which is much at one to an Author, and could never leave shewing his Brains, till a parcel of Blockheads knockt 'em out. He took his Hint from the Women of his Time, who did as they do now, every one that cou'd be convinc'd by her Glass, that she was no Beauty, set up for a Wit; and if she cou'd not please People with her Face, cou'd vex 'em with her Tongue, which was equivalent

THE PREFACE.

lent as to point of Self-satisfaction.
For let either Vanity, or Malice be
gratified, and we are well enough.
But as I was saying, Æsop imitated
the Women in that Piece of Cunning;
for 'tis apparent he could not the
Men, for they haven't learnt that
Craft yet to Piece out the Defects of
their Persons with a Superfluity of
Understanding. But every Hump-
back't, Hard-fac'd Scarecrow is
dress'd up in a Lac'd-Coat, and a
Long Wig, to set off it's Deformi-
ty, and make it more gloriously Ri-
diculous; and the fine empty Thing,
that Nature made, as the Chinese
do their Bawbles, for the Ornament
of a Drawing-Room, is perpetually
endeavouring to squeeze it self into
the Press, and labouring in Dull
Madrigal.

THE PREFACE.

Madrigal, or Scurvy Lampoon, to expose it's own want of Wit, and it's Friend's, and not content with the Reputation of a Fool amongst it's Acquaintance, must publish it in Print to the World.

But what's all this, Reader, to thee and I, that be sure have more Wit? These Æsop's are Perillous Bold Fellows, and have Plaguy Tongues: But what of that? Let the Beast that is gall'd, wince; and let thee and I laugh to see 'em kick and fling like Ralpho's Ass with a Thistle under his Tail, 'tis nothing to us, that have (as I said before) more Wit, than to come within the reach of one's Tongue, or t'others Heels: And so I take my leave of thee.

ÆSOP

(1)

Not the World Waters they were in
Could ere take out the stain.

In vain a friend among the Youth
He of the all-wise thought
Till facing Solon's Tomb

ÆSOP

He in a Corner found
Return'd from

TUNBRIDGE.

I long'd to make those Coxcombs see
That would not out of the way

FAB. I.

Æsop sent to **Babylon.**

Æ S O P overcome with Wind and Spleen,
At Tunbridge sought relief;

In hopes that change of Air, and Scene,
Might ease him of his Grief.

But there such Shoals of Fools he met,
And Knaves twice dipt in Grain;

Sa P. B. 30.

Not

Not the fam'd Waters they were at,
 Con'd e're take out the Stain.

In vain a Friend among the Youth

He sought all Tunbridge round;
 Till sneaking Solitary Truth

He in a Corner found.

Thus met, they readily agree,

And did strange Tales devise,

Lab'ring to make those Coxcombs see,

That wou'd put out their Eyes.

Till nettled at their Jests Reproof,

The Knaves and Fools combine;

And him, and his Companion both

To a dark Room confine.

Next Stage, they knew not why nor how,

For London they were bound;

Where

Where both of 'em together now,
 In *Bedlam* may be found.

*In vain we strive Mens Errors to correct,
 Or point out Follies which themselves neglect.
 Fools are a stubborn Race, and hard to break,
 Wisdom's the only Gift they scorn to take;
 And he that shews his Brains to such a Rout,
 Takes a fair way to have 'em beaten out.
 Wise Men in them alone mistake their Tools,
 Knaves only have the skill to manage Fools.
 Let empty Fops be proud of their Mishap,
 For he that takes it off, deserves the Cap.*

FAB. II.

The ~~Wolf~~ and Porcupine.

A Hungry Wolf, that long'd to Dine
 Upon a well fed Porcupine,
 Found he had need of all his Skill
 To taste the Flesh, and 'scape the Quill:
 And therefore sily thus address'd,
 In Fawning Terms, the wary Beast.
 What is it Neighbour that you fear?
 What Enemy, what Danger's near?
 What means this Magazine of Arms,
 When Treaties sign'd secure from Harms?
 When all Hostilities must cease,
 Why such a Guard in Times of Peace?
 Why will you now in Safety bear
 The Burthen, and Expence of War?

To

To whom the crafty Beast reply'd,
 These are not for Defence, but Pride.
 For truly, Neighbour, as you say,
 They're useless at this time of Day,
 And I shou'd be of your belief,
 Cou'd I but see you draw your Teeth.

*Fr---ce is the wheedling Wolf, 'tis plain,
 That gapes for luscious Bit;
 And we know who's the Porcupine,
 But that she wants the Wit.*

*What need of Fleets, or Armies now,
 That once were E-----d's Boast?
 Fr---ce to our Articles will bow,
 And guard the Spanish Coast.*

*Let us disarm our Men of War,
 Since she such store equips;
 She'll save us that Expence and Care,
 And Carvey home our Ships.*

*The Preparations at Compeign,
 And Brest, secure our Ports,
 They'll spare us Fifty Thousand Men,
 To Garrison our Forts.*

F A B. III.

The Fox and Grapes.

UPON a lusty Bunch of Grapes,
 A liquorish Fox had fixt his Eyes,
 Who licking of his war'ring Chaps,
 A thousand Tricks to reach it tries.

But all his Wiles in vain essay'd,
 Out of all hopes of getting nigh,
 What Fool for Unripe Trash, he said,
 Wou'd risque his Neck to climb so high?
 That

That charming Fruit, (I dare alledge)

That looks so tempting and so fair,

Will set some Coxcomb's Teeth on edge,

Or draw some Fool into a Share.

Ambitious Men that miss their Aim,

At least affect to be thought Wise,

And court the Popular Esteem,

By seeming Honours to despise.

Those, whom the Mob their Patriots call,

Factions and Jealousies foment ;

Masking with Common Good their Gall,

And Publick Zeal their Discontent.

To busie Courts at first they throng,

Till vex'd, and hopeless to prevail,

Or share in doing of the Wrong,

In Senates th'at Corruption rail.

Courtier or Patriot by turns,

The Hypocrite our Patience tries :

Disgrac'd, our Grievances he mourns,

Or laughs in place at Jealousies.

FAB. IV.

The Priest and Pears.

A Wanton Sloven of a Priest,
Invited to a Bridal Feast,
Under a Hedge upon the Ground,
A Hoard of Mellow Pears had found.
These were, quoth he, to hungry Sinner,
That had no hopes of Wedding-Dinner,
Brave tempting Morsels, a rich Prize,
Which at this juncture I despise,

Now

Now to more Rarities engag'd,
 Than e're in *Noah's Ark* were cag'd ;
 Fish, Fowl, Fruit, Sweet-meats to excite,
 And rouse a Founder'd Appetite ;
 Therefore sweet Pears this time adieu,
 My Stomach will not stoop to you.
 Yet e're we part, we'll have a Jest,
 Then scornfully he on 'em Pist,
 And cry'd, who e're these Pears shall eat,
 He shall have Sauce as well as Meat.
 This done, impatient of delay,
 He jocundly persud his Way,
 Most happy in Imagination,
 Chewing the Cud of Expectation.
 Till to a Brook approaching nigh,
 By Rains late fallen swell'd so high,
 That 'twas impossible to pass ;
 His grumbling Stomach call'd him As,
 And bid him Ford, or Swim the Flood,
 And make his vapring Promise good,
 Or,

Or, spight of all his Scoffs and Jeers,
 He, Sauce and all, should eat the Pears.

The Priest, who Belly dearly lov'd,
 At this Reproach was strangely mov'd;
 Yet his unhappy case was such,
 He hated Danger full as much.
 At Disappointment sore dejected,
 He sadly on the Pears reflected:
 He was by Word and Honour bound
 To stand to't, and maintain his ground.
 And now the Pears so lovely grew,
 That Water from both ends they drew.
 He therefore all his cunning Bent,
 To find out some Expedient,
 To prove himself this once mistaken,
 And save his Credit and his Bacon.
 Inward he turn'd his sullen Looks,
 And romaging o're all his Books,

He

He met an antient Convocation,
 That furnish'd him with an Evasion.
 Quoth he, they cou'd not be my due,
 Nor might I seize 'em till I knew,
 And Providence had time to prove,
 This heap of Pears was *Treasure trove* : **A**
 But now I plainly understand,
 They truly are a *Deodand* ;
 And he that Abdicates 'em here,
 Has lost all Title to one Pear.
 And I should be a Fool no doubt,
 Shou'd I stand any longer out.
 As for the Stain I cast on these,
 My self can wipe it off with ease.

FAB. IV.

The *Ass* and *Spaniel*.

A Weary *Ass* under his Pack
 Stood ty'd up to an empty Rack,
 And spy'd a *Spaniel* brisk, and gay,
 As in his Master's lap he lay,
 That frisk'd about, and had the grace
 To climb his Shoulders, lick his Face,
 Was always plentifully fed,
 And from his hand receiv'd his Bread.
 Hard difference betwixt, quoth he,
 That happy, idle *Cow*, and *Me*.
 He daily is with Dainties serv'd,
 While I, that drudge for all, am starv'd.
 But since he thrives so well by Play,
 I'll try my Fortune the same way.

Thus

Thus having form'd his Resolution,
 He waits a time for Execution,
 Which found, erecting Tail, and Ears,
 On Hinder-Feet himself he rears,
 His Fore-Feet on his Master lays,
 And with his Tongue besmears his Face.
 The *Man*, who guess'd not his intent,
 Nor dreamt of such a Compliment,
 Surpriz'd, and vext, and half afraid,
 To Servants calls aloud for aid,
 To help him to 'correct th' Offence,
 And sore chastise this Insolence.
 And since *Afs* was so rampant grown
 He bids 'em take his Commons down;
 And henceforth bare Subsistence pay
 Of half Allowance e'ry day.

The *Afs* thus mortify'd, and sore,
 Vext for his Bones, but Belly more,

Cry'd,

Cry'd, What a stupid Sor am I,
 My Talent thus to misapply?
 Who only for a Drudge am fit,
 And yet must set up for a Wit.

*Art may refine, and finish Nature's Fool,
 But no Buffoon succeeds, that goes by Rule;
 For Fooling prettily's a Gift of Nature's,
 That fits but awkwardly on Imitators.*

*The lively, airy Marmouset, as soon
 May be out-frolickt by the grave Baboon,
 As Nature by dull Mimicks of the Town.
 If Squirrel D---y frisk on his Beholders,
 Must the Ass Gild--n ramp upon their Shoulders,
 If Congreve flatter'd M--nt--gue before,
 Must he by Gild--n too be slaver'd o're?
 No wonder Sots, when we this Clod caress,
 Presume to claim the Dues of neat Address.*

And

*Such Poets shou'd at Westminster untruss,
 And there receive the meed of Chærilus;
 Yet I cou'd spare the Sot, whoe're repines,
 Cou'd he like him produce but seven good Lines.
 But he expects Rewards, to blaze our Shame,
 For daring to buffoon a mighty Name.
 Let others judge, if he deserves the Rod,
 Who treats his Patron worse ev'n than his God.
 What other Names will this vile Wretch blaspheme?
 For 'tis a Libel to be prais'd by him.
 But he now feels the Fate he does deserve,
 And knows already what it is to starve.
 Henceforth, Ye Great, tender your Reputations,
 Your Honours suffer by such Dedications.
 With Justice we may pay for Kneller's hand,
 But who at Charges wou'd on Sign-posts stand?
 If then the Author's dull to such degree,
 How stupid must the Sot that pays him be?*

FAB.

F A B. VI.

The Grasshopper and the Ant.

A Grasshopper once thus accosted an Ant,
 You know, Sir, what we Men of Qua-
 (lity want,
 Tis the Favor to lend me some Grains of your
 (Store,
 For, Faith, at this minute, I am very poor.
 This Summer's Expences have drawn me so low,
 I can scarce in the Park make my Figure, I vow.

This comes on't, reply'd the frugal grave Cit,
 When Extravagance only's the measure of Wit.
 Had your Parents but bred you to Business,
 (your Parts
 Might have got an Estate, now you have your
 Deserts.
 Says

Says the *Grasshopper*, what wou'd you have
(meto do,

I'm not made for Work, besides I'm a *Bean*;
I Sing, and I Dance, and all the fine Weather.
I'm at *Epsom*, or *Tunbridge*, or *Bath*, chuse you
(whether :

Ask all the *Bean Monde*, and the *Ladies*, if e're
They had Musick, or Ball, if I was not there.
E'ry Evening I my Compliment made,
And treated with many a fine Serenade.

'Tis pity the *Ladies*, quoth *Ant*, not to rally,
Don't commiserate one, Sir, of your *belle taille*,
Your Youth, nor Estate neither of 'em can
(tarry,

Look Sharp, Sir, about for a *Fortune*, and
(Marry.

For Trading's so dead, and our Taxes so hard,
Not a Farthing can out of our Business be spar'd

But comfort! The Fleet, or King's-Bench, if you

(ask it,

Will find you a Lodging, and Meat from the

(Basket.

Fops that would starve for want of Sense,

Petticoat Refugees,

Ought much to thank that Providence,

Which made 'em Women please.

Swarms that had Rotted in a Jayl,

Yet want the Sense to pay

Thanks to the Smock that was their Bail,

But throw't like Rag away.

Yet luckless thousands still contrive

To spread like Butterflies,

That like Beau Atkinson must live,

Or like Beau Norton die.

F A B. VII.

The *Ass* and *Jupiter*.

A *Gard'ner* had a lazy *Ass*
 That hated a hard working place,
 And offer'd his Petition
 To *Jove*, with many a Sigh, and Groan,
 Which mov'd him by continu'd moan
 To pity his Condition.

Jove, when his unjust pray'r had heard,
 Next to a *Potter* him preferr'd ;
 At which in Consternation,
 The *Ass* once more in doleful Dumps,
 Falling again upon his Stumps,
 Renews his Supplication.

Gran tme my Suit one more, Great *Jove*

Says he, I'll ask no third remove,

From any third Disaster ; -

What e're you order, I'm content

To undergo the Punishment

Of any other Master.

Oh! cou'd You but this Grace afford!

The God straight took him at his word,

And plac'd him with a *Tanner* ;

The *Afs* grown wife, when 'twas too late,

Bewails his Folly, and his Fate,

In lamentable manner.

What with the *Gard'ner* did I lack,

My Belly-full, at ease my Back ?

The *Potter* gave me quarter.

But this third Service I am in,

Will strip me of my very Skin,

And make me Folly's Martyr.

*The murmuring Mind is ne'r content,
 With any sort of Government ;
 And Princes strive in vain to please,
 Such restless Sp'rits as know no ease.*

When Taxes make a Malecontent,

Whom Wealth, and Pow'r, made Insolent ;

What Measures must a Ruler take,

To spare his Back, and save his Neck ?

In vain they kick at Slavery,

Who grudge the charge of being free.

A

F A B. VIII.

The Owl and Bat.

A Fierce dispute 'twixt Birds of Night
 Arose about their *Gifts*, and *Light* ;
 The *Owl* and *Bat* aloud contended,
 Which was by Nature best befriended,
 Wrangling with clamorous Contest
 Which saw the clearest, and the best ;
 Till from high Words, and angry Speeches,
 They came to Personal Reproaches.

Quoth *Madge*, insulting o're the *Bat*,
 What wou'd this *Flitter-Mouse* be at ?
 Thou Mungrel Vermine art at most,
 And but half Bird thy self canst boast.

The

The *Bat* reply'd with indignation;
 Make to your self the Application;
 You're some Beast's Bastard it appears,
 As I'll demonstrate by your Ears.
 But what is this to our Dispute,
 If I am *Vermine*, you're a *Brute*.

Then let's agree, the *Owl* reply'd,
 And by the *Sun* our Cause betry'd.
 A *Nightingale* that hard by fate,
 Thus undertook to Arbitrate:
 How shall the *Sun* decide your Case,
 When neither can endure his Face?
 You've said enough of *Bats* and *Owls*,
 To prove both purblind Knaves and Fools.

The Bats, and Owls, of Pinner's-Hall,
This Fable may apply;

These Night-Birds representing all

The Pastors, and their Fry.

If any wou'd know, whom they fit,

Their Contraverfies read ;

And fee how oft the Sticks are Split,

To break each other's Head.

But let 'em not the Truth come near,

Nor venture into Light ;

For He that does bare-fac'd appear,

Will shew a Hypocrite,

While they against each other bawl,

They the whole World convince,

And plainly shew their want to all

Of Faith, as well as Sense.

F A B. IX.

Sharpers and Cullies.

TWo *Sharpers* once to Gaming fell,
 In a large Company;
 And manag'd their Intrigue so well,
 They drew in Standers by.

They wrangled, quarrel'd, and call'd names,
 And play'd with so much heat;
 That no one jealous of a sham,
 Suspected 'twas a Cheat,

But when the Gamesters num'rous grew,
 And store of Cullies came;
 Each from the other took his cue,
 To manage right his Game.

A long

A long time doubtful was the Scale,

The odds uncertain were;

For they do all by turns prevail,

And none great Losers are.

Till e'ry one at length was dipt,

And mighty summs were laid;

The wink, one of the Jugglers tip,

And so the Cheat betray'd.

But this Discovery came too late,

For now the Game was wone;

An empty Pocket was their Fate,

And all the Fools undone.

Ex--quer, Bank, and the Exchange,

East-Indians Old, and New,

And all the World this very Game,

Too busily pursue.

Notes,

Notes, Bills and Stock, and Actions fall,

Or without Reason rise ;

Just as the Jugglers at Wh---hall,

Or M--cer's Chappel please.

The Great One's have Sham-fallings out,

To draw the Lesser in ;

But the true Quarrel is, not who,

But how much each shall win.

And when the small One's give their Voice,

Who shall be most Empow'r'd ;

They have but Liberty of Choice,

By whom they'l be devour'd.

FAB.

FAB. X.

The **Wolf** and **Dog**.

A Half famisht *Wolf* met a jolly fat *Dog*,
That was let out for Air, and free'd
(from the Clog

Quoth Isgrim, Friend *Towzer*, thou hast what
(I lack,
How com'st thou by all this good Flesh on thy
(back

Says Towzer, I lodge, and am fed at *Wh---hall*.
I live like a Prince, and do nothing but bawl.
You live like a Felon, by paltry Sheep-stealing;
But if you'l be rul'd, and use double-dealing,
I'l help you to mighty Preferment at C--rt,
And you shall pay nothing, but Flattery for't.
Quoth

Quoth *Isgrim*, I like the Conditions so well,
 I long till I'm there, for I soon shou'd excell;
 I can cringe like a *Beau*, and humour *My Lord*,
 And praise e'ry foppish Nonsensical word.

'Tis enough, says the *Cur*; so onward they
 (jogg'd,

Till *Towzer*, who often was collar'd and clogg'd,
 Like a *Cur* of good Manners in bowing be-
 (tray'd

The Ring on his Neck, which the Collar had
 (made.

Says the crafty fly *Wolf*, in that Circle some
 (Spell

I suppose is contain'd, by which you live well.

'Tis only, says *Towzer*, ne'r mind it I pray,

Some loose hair my Collar has fretted away.

Says *Isgrim*, I owe you, Sir, thanks for this
 (grace,

But if there's a Collar, that alters the case.

I'll

I'l purchase my Place by no such submission,
But forrage the Woods, and not alter Condition.

The Wealth, and the Pow'r of great Places please

(all,

Who wou'd shun the Fatigue, they're encumber'd

(withall.

*They wou'd have the Profit without the Attendance,
And shift off the burthen of slavish dependance.*

*But here they may see by the Wolf, and the Dog,
They that will have the Fat, must submit to the*

(Clog.

F I N I S

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